

CABBAGE A UNIVERSAL CROP

Cabbage is one of the most universally cultivated of our garden plants. Although it is one of the commonest vegetables it finds a place in the home garden as well as in the market garden and truck farm. In some sections of the United States cabbage is extensively grown as a farm crop.

According to the last census New York State grew more than 25,000 acres of cabbage; Pennsylvania, nearly 11,000; while Virginia grew about 10,000 acres. The three states mentioned outrank all others by at least 2,000 acres. No accurate estimate can be placed on the value of this crop, as it fluctuates very decidedly, both in acreage and in price, from year to year.

Early cabbage is practically all consumed as a green vegetable. The late crop, on the other hand, is handled as a fresh vegetable, as a storage crop, and for the manufacture of sauerkraut. Cabbage is always in demand, and under present conditions it is always available, either as the product of a southern truck farm or a northern farm, garden, or storage house.

The group of cultivated plants which has been derived from the wild cabbage presents a greater diversity of form than that derived from any other single ancestral type.

Wild cabbage is a robust-growing broad-leaved plant enjoying the low, moist areas near the seacoast of southern Europe. The most closely allied form now in cultivation is the collard. The wide variation in the group is illustrated by the diversity of form shown in collards, kale, tree cabbage, marrow kale, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts. It is almost beyond the bounds of reason to believe that all these forms have been derived from a common parentage, yet such is the fact.

In no truck crop does the character of the seed count for more than in cabbage. It is very essential that the crop come to marketable maturity early, that the heads be uniform in size and character and that they mature so that the whole crop can be harvested at two cuttings. The small saving made by the purchase of cheap or inferior seed is usually paid for a hundred times over in the lessened value of the crop. A grower can not afford to risk his crop for so small a saving. The best seed that can be



The Charleston Wakefield Cabbage.

obtained is none too good, and anything short of this is not good business. Without highly viable seed of a good strain, true to type, the best results cannot be expected.

Cabbage is a crop which is grown by every market gardener located within wagon-hauling distance of an important center of consumption. The statistics of the distribution of the cultivation of the cabbage clearly indicate the fact that this is one of the most important crops grown by market gardeners.

The counties near each of the important centers of the United States are almost universally credited with a considerable acreage of cabbage, thus showing that the gardeners of these regions have given considerable attention to the production of this crop.

About Corn Smut

Corn smut differs in life-habits from any of the other common smuts, and methods of treatment are therefore different. The covered smut attacks the grain-plants in the seedling stage, although the smut-masses do not appear until heading-out time. The loose smut gains entrance to the kernel of grain at flowering time, and remains inside the kernel until the next spring, when the grain sprouts. The corn-smut, on the other hand, may attack the corn-plant at any time, provided there is young and growing tissue. It is for this reason that it is difficult to combat.

Everyone is familiar with the large smut-masses occurring on practically any above-ground part of the corn-plant. These smut-masses are made up of countless millions of very minute reproductive bodies known as spores, each one of which may infect another corn-plant. These spores may be blown about by the wind, may fall on the ground, or remain on the corn-stalks which are used for fodder, thus getting into the manure-pile. The spores may germinate under favorable conditions; producing, by a process of budding, a great many other spores (sporidia). These sporidia may be produced in long chains; they are very light, and may be blown long distances by the wind. If they happen to be blown to a corn-plant they may infect it, causing smut. The presence of smut is especially favorable to the development of these sporidia; therefore precautions should always be taken to prevent smut from getting into the manure pile, especially since it may live there for seven or eight years.

It is clear, then, that seed treatment would be of slight if any value in attempting to prevent the appearance of corn-smut. Whenever possible, smut-balls should be destroyed as soon as they appear. The smut-dust should never be allowed to get into the manure pile, either directly or by the use of smutted corn as fodder. Crop rotation, such as will remove danger of infection from spores on the previous year's corn-land, should be practiced.—E. C. Stakman.

Some people allow the garden to grow up in weeds by the middle of summer.

Bladder irritations, kidney troubles, dull headaches, weariness, pain in back and sides, all show the kidneys need to be toned up, strengthened, their regular action restored. Foley Kidney Pills will do it surely and quickly. They give good health, freedom from pain, a return of appetite and sound sleep. Try them. F. A. Morris, Canfield, Adv.

Seasoning

My son, you should not try to shirk the task that makes you halt; just put some pepper in your work and you'll be worth your salt.

REFRESHMENT FOR ONE

By CLARA POEHLMAN.

"Mother wants to know if she can have—" began small Clara, trotting into Mrs. Brown's back hall. Then she sniffed.

"Um—I guess I smell fudge!" she exclaimed, stepping slowly but surely toward the kitchen door. "I haven't had any fudge for the longest time."

"It isn't fudge? Well, I'm sure it smells like fudge. What is it? Chocolate. Well, I like that, too."

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry. That is, I am hungry, but I don't think I'd better take any chocolate. Well, I would like a cup, maybe. It smells like fudge and chocolate soda. I had a chocolate soda last night."

"What's that in the little pan? It's such a cunning little pan. Eggs? Why don't you just boil them in the teakettle? I don't see why it wouldn't be clean. I'm sure my mother does. Anyway, she would if she thought of it."

"Oh, what's that cunning little brush? Why, it's a toothbrush, isn't it? Do you brush your teeth out here? Oh, you use it for vegetables! Do some of them have teeth the same as potatoes have eyes? I'm sure my mother doesn't brush our vegetables' teeth."

"Oh, yes, I see. You scrub the dirt off them. That's nice. I just hate to find sand on my baked potatoes."

"But I think the toothbrush for the vegetables is fine. Is it yours or Mr. Brown's?"

"Oh, I thought it was just a worn out one you were using up out here. You know, sometimes the bristles get old and fall out—and stick into you—but they wouldn't hurt the vegetables, would they? I think it is a very good way to use your old brushes—and Mr. Brown has such big teeth that he must use up lots of them. Oh, yes, I forgot; you did say this was a new one. But I think when I tell mother she'll use old ones, for we've got so many around."

"Once I brushed my teeth—that's how I know about the loose bristles. I don't know whose brush it was, but it was the nicest looking one in the bathroom, so I took some of mother's new face cream and put on it and then brushed the baby's teeth. He made such a fuss that I just brushed my own to show him it was all right—only, of course, I didn't use face cream on my teeth. I could tell from the way the baby acted that it didn't taste as good as it smelled. But the bristles came out all over my mouth—"



"He Made Such a Fuss."

and I was sorry I'd brushed my teeth. "That chocolate was awfully good. Were you making it for lunch or just for us for a between meals lunch? If it was just made for us, I'll drink another cup with you."

"Why don't you drink any? You want to save some for Mr. Brown? Sometimes my mother does just like that. She says she gauges things wrong. That's what you did, isn't it? I should think you'd make a big panful for any one as big as Mr. Brown."

"My mother puts more cream in chocolate than you do, but I like this just as well."

"Don't you make any dessert for lunch? I don't like to eat very well without dessert. I like pie with ice cream on it, but I guess it costs a good deal."

"Mr. Brown doesn't like dessert! Oh, he's fooling you. Don't you believe him."

"I thought I saw some cake over there. Oh, that's for company to-night? I see. Would you call me company when I just came up in the morning? Would you like me to show you my doll tonight?"

"Oh, there's my mother calling. She asked me to come here and get some—I forgot what. I'll just run down and ask and then I'll come back."

"Shall I bring my doll to show your company tonight?"—Chicago Daily News.

Sure to Do Good Work.

Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation?

Prisoner—I was a 'cellist in an orchestra.

Get Rid of the Torment of Rheumatism.

Remember how spry and active you were before you had rheumatism, backache, swollen, aching joints and stiff, painful muscles? Want to feel that way again? You can—just take Foley Kidney Pills. For they quickly clear the blood of the poisons that cause your pain, misery and tormenting rheumatism. F. A. Morris—Adv.

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The Dispatch Job Printing Pleases.

OHIO BREAKS COAL RECORD

Produces Over 35,000,000 Tons in 1913. Valued at Forty Million Dollars.

All previous records in the coal production of Ohio were exceeded in 1913 both in quantity and value, notwithstanding that coal-mining operations like all other industries of the state were seriously interfered with by an unprecedented inundation in March and April of that year, according to E. W. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey. Mines were flooded and the transportation companies were practically cut of business throughout a good part of the state for more than a month, so that the possible production was cut down probably 5,000,000 tons. In spite of the interruption the production increased from the previous maximum output of 34,528,727 short tons in 1912, to 36,200,627 tons in 1913, a gain of 1,671,900 tons. The increased value was \$2,864,695, from \$27,083,363 to \$29,948,058—and the average value per ton showed an advance of 3 cents—from \$1.07 in 1912 to \$1.10 in 1913.

Although the spring floods caused many of the mines to remain idle for a month or more, the average number of working days made by the employees was 206 days in 1913 (against 201 days in 1912) and the average production by each man employed was 790 tons for the year compared with 758 tons in 1912. This gain in individual production was due in large part to the larger production of machine-mined coal in the proportion of which to the total tonnage, Ohio stands well at the head among the coal-producing states. In 1913 32,642,848 tons, or 90.2 per cent of Ohio's total production, was mined by machines. The increase in machine-mined tonnage was 2,604,017, or \$22,117 tons more than the total increase. At the present time Ohio enjoys the excellent record of having less than 4 per cent of the total output reported as shot-off the solid, or powder-mined. Electrically-driven chain-belt machines far outnumber all other types of machines in the Ohio mines, as out of a total of 1,881 machines in use in 1913, 1,421, or nearly 85 per cent, were chain-belt. Short-wall machines are growing in popularity, as indicated by an increase in their number from 106 in 1912 to 187 in 1913. The number of long-wall machines increased from 2 to 17, and the number of pick machines decreased from 77 to 56. Reports to the United States bureau of mines show that the coal-mining fatalities in 1913 numbered 165 against 133 the previous year.

THE OLD HOME PAPER

An appreciative Philadelphia subscriber writes as follows to the Kent Courier:

What witchery in the old home paper. Men go day after day with but a fleeting glance at the headlines of the big city dailies. Time passes. Duties call. There is business, meetings and amusements—all crowding one another until one can scarcely call his soul his own.

Yet a man who has the weekly paper from his boyhood home sent to his office seizes it greedily. If it misses a mail he has a grouse that no one around the office can quite understand. If the office boy fails to lay it on his desk, the unlucky might be in danger of his head.

There comes a moment when there is a lull in the assault of callers. Your busy man has kept the paper in view where he could see it out of the corner of his eye. His mind has subconsciously reverted to the thing in the midst of deliberations in which thousands of dollars or weighty affairs of state may hang in the balance. The only feeling comparable to it is the old boy-time anticipation of the chance to read the "nickel library" thriller that he is carrying securely folded in his pocket.

There is a moment of waiting, the paper is picked up. Instantly the "pressure" is lifted. The calmness of the old "immortal J. N." Sordid business is forgotten. Politics loses allurements. The roar of the city is subdued to humming, quieting music.

No interruptions are permitted. No call of duty is answered. The good old home paper is read to the end. Local news first, the country correspondence next. All those things that remind him of the old home have been read and re-read. Old memories have been revived, old passions stirred. Old joys thrill again. Old sorrows are hushed to the sea. The business machine is a man once more, nay better yet, he is a boy again.

A letter from home, yes—a letter that does good like a medicine. It makes him a child again, just for the once. And that is a memory bath that refreshes the tired mind and warms the chilled soul.

Great String of Licensed Autos

High tone must now be conceded to Ohio. Last week the 100,000 mark was passed in automobile license tags. This takes no account of motorcycles. The actual number of regular autos licensed to run about Ohio is 100,122. Stretched in a row, touching each other, the machines that have been tagged would make a string that would reach from Cleveland to Cincinnati, according to Registrar J. A. Shearer, and then have enough left to reach back to the assistant marshals of the parade. If all the machines were on the tax duplicate at \$500 each on the average the taxable value would be \$50,000,000, but then everybody knows that no machine is worth \$500 when the tax assessors lay hands on it. The auto owners have paid \$500,000 for their tags, of which more than \$450,000 is profit to the state and will be used for good roads.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has been used for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

It takes a wise man to use all his credit safely.

The Dispatch is \$1 a year. Try it.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS

A man's idea of a becoming hat is one that makes him look no worse than the old one he has been wearing. The old-fashioned man who used to go to the country to become a chicken fancier now has a son who carries on that business in the city.

Every now and then you meet a young hard hat who shows a taste for drinking when it is his turn to treat. The reason some fellows have all day to stand around and indignantly about the trusts is because they never have time to read the "Help Wanted" column.

As a nation we have great reverence for the dead. But this doesn't apply in the case where a husband fills his wife's alleged gentleman friend full of holes.

A woman hasn't much use for a play that doesn't make her bawl. When Paw won't let Maw pay \$12 for a new hat, Maw buys a fancy one for \$4, some ribbon for \$1.98, an alleged feather for \$2.49, some chiffon for \$1.13, a buckle for 67 cents and then puts in \$44 worth of time and \$987 worth of temper putting together a lid that looks like something the cat brought in. Then she shows it to paw, and tells him what a bargain it is. And paw is so proud of it that he won't go out with her when she is wearing it.

When some men brag that they are self-made, they save their parents an error from the official scorer. There wouldn't be so such animal as the high cost of living if the devil had made up as a mouse instead of a snake when he called on Eve in the Garden of Eden.

I have at any use for a masher, but I know from experience that a mighty hard for a man to flirt with a woman unless the woman is willing. The trouble with a good talker is that he never knows when to quit.

It often happens that the man who cusses the automobile crowd for trying to get by a traffic officer will get arrested in a friendly automobile and begin cursing the traffic officer for holding up the automobile crowd.

Those dresses with the gummy sack hip effects won't be in style long. You remember what happened to the Pannier skirt. If a girl is built right she isn't going to hang a lot of portions over her curves when she can display them in a glove-fitting effect.

If you ran for president of the Be Good and Behave Society you couldn't get your face into a newspaper unless you paid advertising rates. But if you get drunk and shoot a few dozen people the newspapers will bid against one another for the only photo of your mug in your home.

This is a queer world. A three-ring circus evangelist can gain fame and wealth by bragging about what an ornery pup he used to be. But if another man tried it he would be boy-canned.

Ireland hasn't anything on a married man in wanting Home Rule and not getting it. The old-fashioned wife who used to wait up for her husband now has a married daughter who has a night key of her own.

The old-fashioned girl who used to read stories in which the lovers overcame all obstacles and were married and lived happily ever after in last chapter, now has a daughter who reads stories in which they are divorced in the first chapter and shoot their affections in the last chapter.

A married couple can dig up an elegant fight on where they would put the piano if they had a piano.

Love is wonderful stuff. It will make a girl marry a man who is cross-eyed and has red whiskers and make her believe all the other women are means of her. If a man manages to quit smoking for a whole day he wants to quit his friends and tell them all about his remarkable will power.

Most women are up to date in everything except their birthdays. And the Lord isn't alone in loving a cheerful giver.

When a man kisses his wife every time he leaves the house, she isn't going to let anybody knock him to her while he is away.

There are a million pretty girls in the world who would be twice as pretty if they didn't know it. A girl can be so skinny that she has to wear suspenders to hold her skirt up, but that doesn't prevent her from worrying for fear she might get fat.

The reason why a prophet has no honor in his own country is because he is always withholding the natives and saying, "I told you so."

There are lots of men who think nothing of sneaking a half pint of whiskey home in a hip pocket but who would become highly indignant if you suggested taking the duck up to the corner and getting it filled with beer.

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

When the sun gets around in the after-noon And pierces the window shade with light, I think me then of the wiles of June Where the railroad fishing boats invite Mine eyes recall the full-page plates of white sailboats of hiles is lost. And thither my fancy emigrates Without once thinking of the cost.

It is as if some fairy came To hear me thither in a trance, And fortune that most gracious dame, Waived every earthly circumstance, Mine eyes recall the full-page plates of white sailboats of hiles is lost. Of waters flowing down a hill, And fancy blithely runs along Without once thinking of the bill.

Ye misers with the wealth of earth, What joy have ye that rivals this? What grim possession that is worth This brief imaginative bliss? When the sun gets around in the after-noon, And pierces the window shade with light, I think me then of the wiles of June Where the railroad fishing boats invite.

—St. Louis Dispatch.

Don't Lose Sleep Coughing at Night.

Take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It glides down your throat and spreads a healing, soothing coating over the inflamed tickling surface. That's immediate relief. It loosens up the tightness in your chest, stops stuffy wheezy breathing, eases distressing, racking, tearing coughs. Children love it. Refuse any substitute. Contains no opiates. F. A. Morris, Canfield—Adv.

Our guess is that there are some querulous saluts on earth who will have to be in heaven a hundred ways before they become reconciled to not fussing at the angels.

Something to Think About

We spend \$8,400,000.00 a year for cigarettes.

Last year we consumed 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey.

We chew up over \$25,000,000.00 worth of chewing gum annually.

Last year the American people paid out \$90,000,000.00 for candy.

We feel that we are justified in stating that these figures are the measure of popular extravagance.

Could we not do without a very large part of these things and be just as well off? Yes a great deal better off.

Start a SAVINGS ACCOUNT with this bank, and we will help you to cut out some of these unnecessary expenditures.

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OLD OAKEN BUCKET

(An Old Favorite.)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.

When fond recollection presents them to view: The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which by infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-arct fell; Out of my father, the dairy house high it, And even the rude bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, The moss covered bucket that hung in the well. That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure.

For often at noon when returned from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell.

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket.

The moss covered bucket that hung in the well. How sweet from the green, mossy brim As, poised from the curb, it inclined to my lips.

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it. Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips, And now far removed from the loved habitation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

DON'T WORRY.

Don't worry, though above your head The threatening storm clouds meet, The rainbow as of yore shall spread, Its sign of promise sweet.

The flowers fled when winter gray Preclaimed again his cruel sway, Yet early blossoms smile and say, "Don't worry."

Don't worry, though the noontide find Your footsteps faltering, The morn's glad hopes left far behind, The day its joy shall bring.

When sunset's radiant curtains fall, Sleep's angel, ready at the call, Of night, shall whisper low to all, "Don't worry."

Don't worry, though with little good Your eager quest seem fraught, He that has striven as he could, Has striven as he ought.

Ask not how destiny was planned, The little that we understand Is eloquent with the command, "Don't worry."

—Tit Bits.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headache, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Fredroy, Moon, Conn.—Adv.

A great many people throw off on others by throwing on them everything they can.

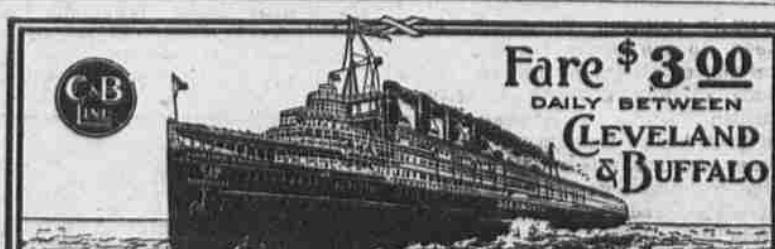
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